52.

A Second

REPARTEE

TO THE

REJOINDER

OF THE

Whiggish POEM

ON THE

London-Apprentices FEAST.

IN theſe ill Times, when nothing can Aſſwage
The Envious Fury of a Whiggiſh Age,
Leſtrange and *Dryden* both may Write in vain,
When nothing can the Whiggiſh Rout reſtrain;
Religious Treaſon then Invades the Town,
But Loyal Tories ſtill will Prop the Crown,
Though Whiggiſh Traytors ſtrive to pull it down.
Heavens Protect our mighty Monarch *Charles*,
From every Curſt Phanatick Dog that Snarles,
At his abuſed Mercies and their Spite,
The Villins, though they Grin, they dare not Bite,
May Heaven reward his Wrongs and do them Wright.
No doubt it will, for Heaven will nere refuſe,
To do them Juſtice though they ſtill abuſe,
Their Princes goodneſs, whoſe bleſt Influence,
Shines like the Sun, and does its warmth diſpence
To all but Whigs, who ſpurn't with Impudence.
Theſe are the Pious and Religious Cheats,
Pretended Saints, that Act theſe Devliſh Feats,
Who, if their Holineſs pleaſe, can turn,
Bad into good, and Good to Bad Transform;
Theſe are the worſt of Men, the worſt of Evils,
Whoſe Dam'd Hypocriſies out vie the Devils.
Theſe are the precious Saints, with open Cry,
That Hail their Prince, and yet would Crucifie;
Fat Guts himſelf that Champion for the Cauſe,
Though he pretends to love the King and Laws,
And ſwears by all that's Great, that's High and Royal,
Though he's a Whigg, he'd have you think he's Loyal;
In on line loves the King, but in the other,
Hates Blewcap, and a *Charles* His Royal Brother.

In

In vain you Strive to daunt brave *London's* Youth,
We eaſily perceive your Shams from Truth.
Well may your greaſy Worſhip fret to See
An Annual Juvenillian Jubilee,
Feaſted, Encourag'd, for their *Loyalty*.
'Tis now high time to look about us, Whig,
We fear you not, although you look ſo Big,
Wee'l be for *Charles* and *York*, write thou for Prig.
In Spite of all your Wheedles wee'l purſue,
Thoſe Loyal Paths, that Forty one were knew,
Alas we're ſenſible of what we do.
Nothing ſhall e're betray us to your lure,
Not though your Whiggiſh looks are ſo demure,
Wee'l ne're beleive your Loyalty the Truer.
Though once the yelping Beagles went aſtray,
Follow'd your Whiggiſh Scent and loſt their way,
With Bloudhounds mixt, (be it ſpoken to your Fame,)
To hunt down *Brittains* cheifeſt Royal Game;
Yet we have honeſt Hearts as True and Loyal,
As ever ſerv'd a Prince and Cauſe ſo Royal.
But you ungrateful Whigs, whoſe Loyalty,
Conſiſts in curſed Plots and Treachery,
Your wicked Actions give your Tongue the Lye.
Baxter that Chaplin to the Whiggiſh Hoſt,
With holy Eyes turnd up juſt like a Ghoſt,
Is but a Sanctified Cheat at moſt.
And Monky *Care*, that precious ſtick of Wood,
That never did the Nation any good:
Though ſtill he ſays he does, and takes great pain,
Yet this I'me ſure, he's but a Knave in grain.
But *Langly Curtis*, that ſad wretched Tool,
Compoſ'd of Pupy, Cuckhold, Knave and Fool;
Headlong he throws himſelf to Hell for Gains,
To get the name of Villian for his Pains:
But now a word or two in Poets Praiſe,
Whoſe Loggerhead deſerves the Whiggiſh Bays;
For he has ſuch a ſtock of Impudence,
He can abuſe the Subjects, and His Prince,
And yet dares tell the King, 'tis no Offence.
In ſhort he's but a Rogue that will oppoſe
The Royal Cauſe, and Scribble for its Foes;
But to Conclude, I'le ad but this one thing,
Confound all thoſe, that will not Love the KING. *Amen*

FINIS.

LONDON,

Printed for *Don Pedro Velaſco Taſco Raſco rero Don John* of *Auſtria's*
Brother's Cozen's Uncle's Eldeſt Siſter's Daughter's
own Son, being his Nephew. 1682.

134183